



THE Tatler

& Bystander 2 Sept.

2s. weekly

THE PARIS COLLECTIONS
AUTUMN DANCES
WHY SWANS STAY ON THE THAMES
PRINCE CHULA DESCRIBES BANGKOK



Schweppshire Guide

NO. 6 HOW TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT ONE'S WORDS ARE WINGED

Too little attention has been paid to the actual speech of a speech. Too many speakers ignore the infinite capacity of the English language for filling up time in the most eloquent way. Let us end with this list of speech improvements on humdrum ordinary language. These phrases are particularly suitable for the sociologico-politico or the serio-human chapter.

HUMDRUM ORDINARY	SPEECH EQUIVALENT
<i>I can give you the gen</i>	In default of someone better qualified to accept this privilege, it has fallen to my lot to undertake the task of attempting to tell you something of
<i>Don't listen to the other side</i>	A great deal is heard nowadays . . . I know all of you will be chary of giving too much credence to the easy prophecies of wishful thinking
<i>The other side is no good</i>	None of us must be over eager to find fault but . . . Our opponents are gentlemen of mercurial temperament, and vivid, perhaps over-vivid imagination
<i>Everyone here is nice</i>	Rooted deep in the national character . . . instinctive appreciation of the simple things of life and hatred of all that is false
<i>I am nice myself</i>	This is something which I, personally, find enormously heartening
<i>Stand up everybody on our side</i>	Each one of us, today, is conscious of an urgent need for the spirit of co-operation. It is the fulfilment of our inner want. Urgent want . . . inner need . . . co-operation . . . urgent

Since the speaker (as will be seen in the illustration) is already bubbling with winged metaphors, he ought, if he uses this winged connecting matter, to succeed in being eloquent, without notice, on nothing whatever.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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Vol. CCXXXIII No. 3027

2 September 1959

COVER FEATURE: The French Collections. See page 137. Cover photograph by Alfredo de Molli.

When the picturesque annual procession of boats paddled up the Thames this year in search of cygnets, Alan Vines went along with his camera. The result is a fine set of pictures of this much-mentioned but rarely-seen ceremony (pp. 121-3).

The Season is over, but the "little season" is about to begin. The autumn dances for 1959 are listed by Muriel Bowen (on pp. 114-15).

along with pictures of some of the débutantes.

Next year the passion play will be performed again and this week at Oberammergau the cast was elected. Elisabeth Corathiel describes the background to the play on p. 128.

NEXT WEEK: *The Torquay Regatta & Ball*—a picture report by Muriel Bowen & Desmond O'Neill. . . . *The bullring's goriest season*—Duncan Melvin photographs the bullfight. . . . *Dressing up for dinner*—the return of the long frock for evening.

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OUT OF DOORS

Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, Aberdeenshire, 10 September.

Racing: The St. Leger, Doncaster, 12 September.

European Championship Horse Trials, Harewood House, Yorks, to 5 September.

Polo: Bluejackets Cup, Rhinefield, to 5 September.

Farnborough Air Display, Farnborough, Hants, 11-13 September.

Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. To 27 September. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays, 2-6 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate; 1s. Arts Council.

"Masterpieces of Czech Art," Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. To 20 September.

Modern silver exhibition, arranged

Old Vic. *As You Like It*, 3 September; *The Double-Dealer*, 7 September.

Cambridge. *The Crooked Mile*, 10 September.

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see p. 133.

The Aspern Papers. "... holds the audience from start to finish ... an evening of rare and curious pleasures." Michael Redgrave, Beatrix Lehmann, Flora Robson. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

West Side Story. "... high dramatic moments ... tragic pathos ... music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

My Fair Lady. "The best musical comedy I have seen ... everyone seems to be functioning at top form ... an experience to be remembered. Anne Rogers, Alec Clunes. (Drury Lane, TEM 8108.)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see p. 134.

G.R. = General Release.

I'm All Right, Jack. "... swingeing satire ... blithe enthusiasm ... a biting and hilarious film." Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)

The Sleeping Beauty. "Two dear and beautifully brought up little boys ... who saw the film with me sat back panting with pleasure at the end of it ... their considered opinion ... 'Super.'" (Astoria, GER 5385.)

The Scapegoat. "... Mr. Alec Guinness ... is on holiday in France, and meets a French count who is his complete double ... he finds it incumbent upon him to assume this mysterious person's rôle and responsibilities." Alec Guinness, Bette Davis, Pamela Brown. G.R.



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

Caprice, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (HYD 5154.) C.S. If you don't mind a crush, here is a fashionable one. Excellent food and wine are served at reasonable prices for where and what it is. Conducted under the eagle eye of Mario Gallati.

Cordon Bleu, 31 Marylebone Lane, W.1. (WEL 2931.) C.S. Authentic French cuisine prepared by instructors and students of the famous School of Cookery. Wines at the right price: not much room.

Layton's Wine Lodge, Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.1. (WEL 0709.) Free Vintner Layton provides a wide range of unusual wines and excellent food at reasonable prices. If you can get him to stand still for more than six seconds and talk about wine, you will find him most entertaining.

Maison Basque, 11 Dover Street, W.1. (HYD 2651.) C.S. The Before and After-Theatre dinners are excellent value at 15s. 6d.; try some of their specialities from the Pyrenees.

Pastoria, St. Martin's Street, W.C.2. (WHI 8641.) C.S. This restaurant is directed with great enthusiasm by Adrian Pastori. They have many of their own Continental

continued on page 155

GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

COMPILED BY JOHN MANN

Yachting: Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, to 5 September; National 12 ft. Sailing Week, Weymouth, to 5 September.

Motor: R.A.C. International T.T. Goodwood, 5 September.

Sea Angling Festival, Teignmouth and Chaldon, to 13 September.

MUSICAL

Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester, 6-13 September.

Coven Garden. The Royal Ballet. Margot Fonteyn in *Ondine*, 4, 5 and 10 September, in *Lac Des Cygnes*, 12 September. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Festival Hall. Festival Ballet. Markova in *Tyrolean Pas de Deux*, 3 September; in this and *Dying Swan*, 5 September (matinée). Yvette Chauviré in *Swan Lake, Act II*, 4 and 5 September (evenings). 8 p.m. (and 2.30 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays). (WAT 3191.)

"The Merry Widow," London Coliseum (Sadler's Wells company). 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

ART

"The Romantic Movement," Tate

by the Goldsmiths' Company, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Warwick. 2.30-5.30 p.m. (including Sundays). To 21 September.

Classical MSS. & printed books, British Museum, to 12 October. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. weekdays. Sundays, 2.30 p.m.-6 p.m.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Edinburgh Festival. To 12 September.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. To 27 September.

Guild of Devon Craftsmen Exhibition, Birdwood House, Totnes. To 12 September.

International Dance Congress, Isle of Man. To 6 September.

Reigate Pageant, Surrey. To 12 September.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall. To 10 September.

Northern Antique Dealers' Fair, Harrogate. To 10 September.

Radio & TV Exhibition, Earl's Court. To 5 September.

Handicrafts Exhibition, Olympia, 3-19 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Saville. *The Darling Buds of May*. Tonight.



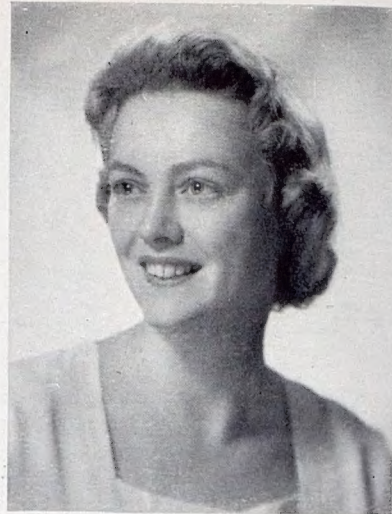
Lenare

Miss Jane F. Alexander to Mr. John A. Lawton. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Duncan H. D. Alexander, Llanilterne, Glamorgan. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. T. Lawton, Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire*



Fayer

Miss Jean Bodley Scott to Mr. Brian A. S. Blackie. *She is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. R. Bodley Scott, Harley Street, W.1. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. B. Blackie, Garden Cottage, Holbrook Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk*



Fayer

Miss Jill M. M. Parslow to Capt. John D. Ransom, R.E. *She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. T. E. Parslow, Croydon, Surrey. He is the son of Major & Mrs. C. R. Ransom, Winton, Bournemouth, Hampshire*

ENGAGEMENTS



Roigt—Lawson Johnston: Señorita Silvia M. Roigt, daughter of Don Honorio Roigt & Doña Dorothy Goodall de Roigt, of the Argentine Embassy, Belgrade, and Chesham Street, S.W., married the Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston, son of Lord & Lady Luke, Odell Manor, Bedfordshire, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Baxter—Stark: Miss Meribah M. B. Baxter, daughter of Sir Bevelay Baxter, M.P., & Lady Baxter, Oakwood Court, W.14, married Lt. Brian W. Stark, R.N., son of the late Mr. W. W. Stark and of Mrs. D. I. Stark, Totland Bay, I.O.W., in the Crypt Chapel, Palace of Westminster

AND WEDDINGS



Epps—Wrangham: Miss Carolyn Epps, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. L. C. de R. Epps, Chichester, married Mr. J. R. Wrangham, son of the late Lt.-Col. L. H. Wrangham, M.C., R.M., & Mrs. M. Wrangham, Nyetimber, Sussex, at Our Lady of Sorrows, Bognor Regis



Hare—Clarke: Miss Penelope A. Hare, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. D. Hare, New Barn, Galmington, Somerset, married Mr. Peter D. Clarke, son of Lt.-Col. F. D. Clarke, C.B.E., M.C., & Mrs. Clarke, Inglewood, Crowborough, Sussex, at All Saints', Trull, Somerset



Nicolls—de Uphough: Miss Patricia M. Nicolls, daughter of Group Capt. & Mrs. C. G. J. Nicolls, East Boldre, Hants, married Mr. John R. Duppa de Uphough, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. E. B. Duppa de Uphough, Brockenhurst, at St. Anne's, Brockenhurst

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2 SEPTEMBER 1959



Philip Townsend

Autumn Dances: *A list of private dances arranged for the autumn begins overleaf.*
Miss Olivia Barstow (above), evidently not superstitious, will have hers at Claridge's
on Friday, 13 November. It will be given by her parents
Col. & Mrs. John Barstow, of Seymour Place, W.1



Yovonde



Fayer



Elliott & Fry

Miss Virginia Ropner: a dance this week at Bedale, Yorkshire

(Above left) **Miss Anne de Worms:** sharing a dance with Lady Reckitt's granddaughter

Carolyn Stoddart-Scott (left): Plans for her dance have been dropped. She is off to Warsaw and Moscow with her father, who is M.P. for Ripon

SATURDAY, 3 OCTOBER

Mrs. Anthony Fulford for her daughter Miss Judy Persse, at Fulford, near Exeter

Mrs. Bill Curling for Miss Belinda Curling, at Conford Park Farm, Liphook, Hampshire

TUESDAY, 6 OCTOBER

Lady Reckitt for her step-daughter Miss Mary Maxwell and Mrs George de Worms for Miss Anne de Worms, a small dance in London

THURSDAY, 8 OCTOBER

Mrs. John Burness for Miss Vivienne Burness, at 1 Templewood Gardens, Hampstead

SATURDAY, 10 OCTOBER

Mrs. Jack (E. J. L.) Speed for Miss Marietta Speed, at Knowlton Court, near Canterbury

Mrs. Grey Hatherell for Miss Caroline Hatherell, in London

WEDNESDAY, 14 OCTOBER

Mrs. Kenneth Savill and Mrs. David Barbour for Miss Susan Savill and Miss Philippa Barbour, at Quaglino's

THURSDAY, 15 OCTOBER

Mrs. Edward Norman-Butler, a small dance for Miss Catherine Norman-Butler, at Dartmouth House

FRIDAY, 16 OCTOBER

Mrs. Ronald Barbor and Mrs. Scobie Gilmer for Miss Diana Barbor and Miss Judy Gilmer, at Knebworth House, Hertfordshire

SATURDAY, 17 OCTOBER

Mrs. William Pilkington and Mrs. Harry Greer for Mrs. Greer's daughter Miss Stephanie Todd, at Wardington House, Banbury, Oxfordshire

TUESDAY, 20 OCTOBER

Lady Jean Philipps, Lady Katherine Nicholson and Lady Barbara Hurst for Miss Georgina Philipps, Miss Emma Nicholson and Miss Elizabeth Hurst, at the Ironmongers' Hall

THURSDAY, 22 OCTOBER

Lady Mairi Bury for the Hon. Elizabeth Keppel, at Londonderry House

Mrs. Frederick Roberts, a small dance for Miss Patricia Roberts, at Grocers' Hall

WEDNESDAY, 28 OCTOBER

Mrs. H. C. Hanbury, the Hon. Mrs. N. Villiers and Mrs. Roger Harvey for Miss Amanda Hanbury, Miss Nerina and Miss Caroline Villiers and Miss Carola Harvey, at the Anglo-Belgian Club

WEDNESDAY, 4 NOVEMBER

H.H. Princess Georg of Denmark and Mme. Steensen-Leth for the Hon. Elizabeth Anson, at the Royal Danish Embassy

MONDAY, 9 NOVEMBER

Mrs. James Musker for Miss Juliet Musker, in London

TUESDAY, 10 NOVEMBER

Lady Birkin for Miss Jennifer Birkin

FRIDAY, 13 NOVEMBER

Mrs. John Barstow for Miss Olivia Barstow at Claridges

The Little Season, 1959

A LIST OF AUTUMN DANCES. SUPPLEMENTING THE FULL ANNUAL LIST PUBLISHED IN THE DÉBUTANTE NUMBER

SATURDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER

Lady Ropner for Miss Virginia Ropner, at Thorp Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire

THURSDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Andrew Drummond Moray for Miss Xandra Drummond Moray, at Errol Park, Perthshire

FRIDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Hervey Stuart Black for Miss Sally Stuart Black and the coming-of-age of Mr. David Stuart Black, at Cameron House, Loch Lomond

MONDAY, 14 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Robert Abercromby for her daughter Miss Alexandra Lawrence, at Meldrum House, Aberdeenshire

WEDNESDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER

Lady Lovat for her daughter the Hon. Fiona Fraser, and Lady Nutting and Mrs. Cedric Boyd for their granddaughters Miss Davina Nutting and Miss Susan Clowes, at the Northern Meeting Rooms, Inverness

SATURDAY, 19 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Stuart Don and Mrs. Tom Willes (small dance) for Miss Virginia Don and

Miss Olda Willes, at The Hays, Ramsden, Oxfordshire

FRIDAY, 25 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Robert Buxton (small dance) for Miss Lettice Buxton, in Somerset

SATURDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Harry Birkbeck for Miss Fiona Birkbeck, at Westacre High House, Castleacre, King's Lynn

The Hon. Lady Wrightson for Miss Penelope Wrightson, at Neasham Hall, near Darlington

WEDNESDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Christopher Hohler and Lady Muir-Mackenzie for Miss Philippa Hohler and Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell, at Mercers' Hall, Cheapside

THURSDAY, 1 OCTOBER

The Hon. Mrs. Pollen, a small dance for Miss Mary Rose Pollen, in London

FRIDAY, 2 OCTOBER

Mrs. Bruce Tulloch for Miss Robina Tulloch (small dance), at Wing Hall, Rutland
Lady Marling for her stepdaughter Miranda Marling, a small dance in the country



MONDAY, 7 DECEMBER

Mrs. Christopher Jardine, a small dance for Miss Theresa Jardine, at the Normandie

TUESDAY, 8 DECEMBER

Mrs. D. H. T. Hildyard, a small dance for her daughter Miss Elizabeth Longmore, in London

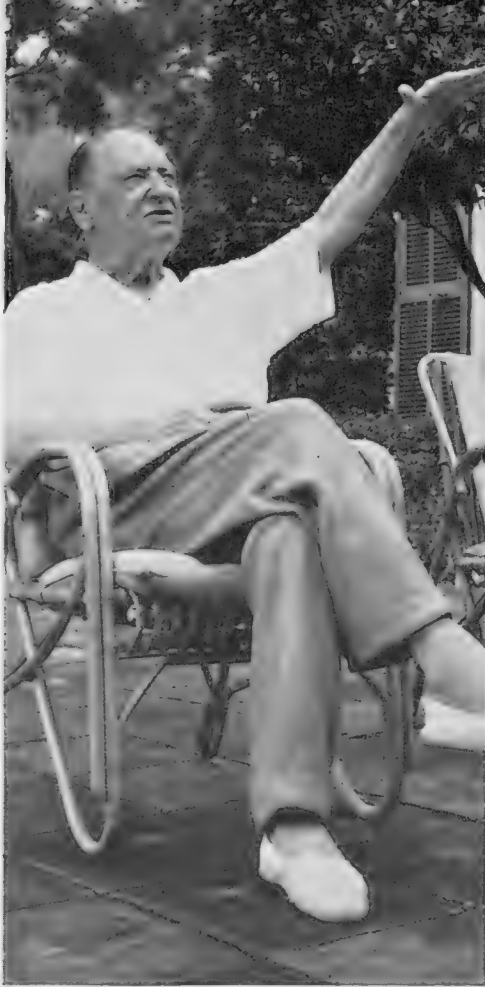
SATURDAY, 12 DECEMBER

Mrs. George Hume for her daughter Miss Ingrid Geach, at Stratford-on-Avon

MONDAY, 16 DECEMBER

Mrs. St. John Harmsworth for Miss Sarah Harmsworth, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Tom Hustler
Miss Philippa Hohler: *a dance in the Mercers' Hall this month*



Lady Camilla Godolphin, daughter of the Duke of Leeds



Aboard Mr. & Mrs. Whitting's yacht: Bruce Fleming (9), Julian Crowe (9) and Sally Whitting

How big are your grandchildren?
So high, says Somerset Maugham

RIVIERA RESIDENTS

Muriel Bowen visits the villa set—and the yacht contingent

SOMERSET MAUGHAM nipped up the stone steps that climb the cliff at the back of his spacious green-shuttered villa at Cap Ferrat. He looked back as the distance between us widened. "I hope you're not finding the steps too tiring?" he asked. I found Mr. Maugham—85 this year—in tearing form. Next month he is sailing to revisit the Orient. He's off to Japan, Burma, Siam—places which have made a backdrop for some of his most famous stories. His eyes lit up when he heard that I'd been to Hong Kong last year. "They tell me that it's very, very social there now," he said. "I hope I'll find it as amusing as people say."

We had climbed the garden steps to have a look at the swimming pool, a blue glazed affair of almost Olympic proportions. It was empty. "My daughter is due on Friday with her children and she's very fussy so I'm about to have it cleaned out," he said. It looked spotless as it was. His daughter, Lady John Hope, wife of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Scottish Office, has taken her family out to stay. "Lively little terrors! Up at 6.30 in the morning," he commented with a warm grandfatherly smile, raising his hand to show the size of the younger Hope—Jonathan Charles, aged seven.

During his last visit to London earlier in the year Mr. Maugham said that there would be no more books. But on his table

in the room where he writes (a smallish, booklined room) was an unfinished manuscript, 38½ pages of foolscap closely written in his own handwriting.

Another book? "Oh, just a little bit of nonsense . . . nothing special . . . nowadays I'm just an extinct volcano." But as his face creased into a smile it was obvious that there is more to it than he is prepared to divulge yet.

There are many Maugham touches about the villa—which is luxurious, with an exquisite garden. For instance, on the pier of the gate he has the pronged symbol that is embossed on all his books. It is a Moorish symbol, meant to avert the evil eye.

'SIR CHURCHILL'

A little nearer Monaco than Cap Ferrat is the flower-garden village of Cap d'Ail where Sir Winston & Lady Churchill were guests of Lord Beaverbrook in what was formerly the villa of dress designer Edward Molyneux. Sir Winston's name was on everybody's lips there. But the locals are never going to get the Churchill knighthood sorted out. They speak in awed terms of "Sir Churchill!"

A new Cap d'Ail resident is Mrs. Alan Fairley, who told me: "We're choosing our guests first of all on their capabilities as gardeners. The garden is an absolute mess and unless we can set the guests to work we're never going to get it cleared up."

Mrs. Fairley, authoress wife of a London businessman, is moving into the villa which she and her husband have purchased at Cap d'Ail. Their nearest neighbour: Greta Garbo.

The Duke & Duchess of Leeds invited me to morning coffee at La Falaise, their villa high on Cap Martin. It has a large garden that drops precipitously on to a beach of powder-white sand strewn with sharp black rocks. The duchess, who is tall, slim, blonde and beautiful, is also a keen painter. She will be having a one-woman show—her first in London—at the Wilton Galleries next May. She does some portraits, but prefers impressionist landscapes.

"Wherever I go I take my paints with me," she said. "But here I don't have a proper studio, so I've got to make-do with the upstairs kitchen."

She and her husband have shared the decorating of La Falaise, which they bought two years ago. The sky-blue-and-white drawing-room with the Leeds family portraits (they had previously been in storage for 25 years) and Louis XV furniture was her idea. The duke did the dining-room where grey lattice work (it came in 10,000 pieces of wood) fits snugly on white walls, and frames large black-and-white prints which he picked up in Italy and had enlarged. A sunny yellow carpet and green curtains complete a very striking room.

ALL ABOARD

From villa-dwellers to the people who've taken to the sea. Débutante Miss Lady Guinness is on board *Calisto*, owned by her father and step-mother, Mr. & Mrs. Noel Guinness. Motor magnate Mr. David Brown has just left Monaco for a two-week cruise along the coast on his luxury yacht *Astorian*. Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Whitting from Bermuda have their superbly appointed *Scheherazade* moored in the harbour with several guests on board, including Mrs. Noel Crowe. "It looks a bit like a submarine," commented Mrs. Whitting over a pre-lunch drink, "but its bulging sides make it very roomy inside." Dr. Alex Lerner, son-in-law of Sir Simon Marks, has chartered the handsome *Tempest Aria* on which he's had several good parties.

Getting away from it all isn't always the intention of the yacht owners. Mr. Stavros Niarchos has a high-powered wireless aboard his schooner, *Creole*. This not only links him with his business empire but with his D.C.3 aircraft—which, with its British crew, is always standing by.

His brother-in-law, Mr. Aristotle Onassis is another yachtsman who manages to keep an eye on business when he's aloft. No sooner had the Onassis yacht *Christina* set off for Greece recently with Sir Winston & Lady Churchill and Maria Callas on board than she dropped anchor. Mr. Onassis had remembered some work he had left unfinished at the office, and took a small boat ashore. He rejoined the cruise next day.



BIARRITZ WEEKENDERS

Tom Hustler photographs the people at a British Fashion Gala



High waves (top) caused bathing to be banned and the models could only paddle. The beach was also used (above) for a show of furs



A Worth dress originally made for the Empress Eugénie was re-created for the show. Above left: The audience included the Duke & Duchess of Windsor and Mr. & Mrs. Martin Montis. At table behind (with cigarette) is Mr. Joe Deanfield, who sponsored this Fashion Gala

Left: The Marquess of Tavistock with Miss Henrietta Tiarks and her parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tiarks

Right: An ocelot bikini, with matching coat and hat, is appraised by Mr. & Mrs. Robert Sweeney and Mr & Mrs. Charles Sweeney





Major E. G. Cox and Mrs. J. T. R. Prestige. He commands the Buffs' depot at Canterbury



Mrs. Martin French Blake and Major J. Prestige, hon. treasurer of the ball



The Earl & Countess of Guilford. They brought a large party to the ball



Miss Elisabeth Durlacher, top débutante of her season, dancing with Mr. Tim Kimber

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN

CANTERBURY

◀ The Cricket Week Ball at The Buffs' depot

YORK

▼ The Race Week and the Ebor Handicap



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

The Ebor Handicap, one of the richest handicap races, was won by Mr. Stanhope Joel's Primera, with Lester Piggott up. Below: The runners on their way to the paddock. Opposite, above: Lester Piggott, who also rode the winner of the Great Voltigeur Sweepstakes on the Queen's Pindari, on his way to the Palmouth Handicap with W. H. Carr. He was unplaced but Carr came third. Opposite, below: Saddling-up in the paddock. The favourite, Morecambe (in the foreground), won in 1957 but ran unplaced this year





The Cottage Cult

'You imagine a pretty Jersey cow . . . eggs newly laid . . . the birds waking you at dawn. . . . Be prepared for your vision to shift slightly'

BY MARY MACPHERSON

THE WEEKEND COUNTRY COTTAGE MANIA HAS INFECTED almost everyone who lives in London. It is impossible, these days, to avoid illustrated articles telling you how by raising the ceilings and putting lapis lazuli floors in the kitchen, you too can make a paradise out of an old Kentish oast house . . . an old Scottish sheiling . . . an old lighthouse . . . an old windmill. Or even an old wreck—though no one (least of all the estate agents, who will continue to send you properties at £5,000 and upwards) is likely to be frank enough to tell you that this is all you are going to get for anything under £1,000.

As your eager eyes scurry down the country-properties section of the *Sunday Times*, you imagine a whole host of enchantments that will be yours as soon as you have found your little thatched haven. A pretty Jersey cow mooing gently at you from the other side of your hedge. Foaming fresh milk, hospitably ready for all who stop at the farmhouse door. Eggs so newly laid that you can hear the hen complaining to her friends about whoever it was that found them. The marvellous basieness of being woken by the birds at dawn. The *meaningfulness* of country life.

Those who already own a cottage, while admitting that it is a delight and that they wouldn't be without it for worlds, may well look askance at some of these delights.

Wrong side of the hedge

Take that pretty Jersey cow. You must be prepared for your vision to shift slightly, since she and many of her relations are more likely to be on *your* side of the hedge, mooing disconsolately as she spits out a lupin that is not exactly to her taste. It is surprising how many farmers are astounded when a large cow succeeds in breaking through a hedge that would not in fact deter a strong-minded ant. It is also surprising to see how many prize blooms a cow has to sample and reject before she decides she doesn't really like them after all.

And here and now I must make it plain that somebody else's cow strolling unconcernedly through your young lettuces is as near as you are going to get to the foaming fresh milk of your dreams. Anybody who has ever run out of milk on a Saturday afternoon in the country knows that the OGPU of the Southern Counties—the Milk Marketing Board—evidently casts its shadow over every hedgerow. Few farmers will openly admit to having milk on tap. It is smuggled out of the countryside at dawn, transported swiftly and silently to the nearest milk depot, and brought back rather noisily the next morning to be delivered

by a perfectly ordinary milkman in perfectly ordinary bottles.

As for the joy of being woken by the birds at dawn, a moment's thought will reveal that it is unpleasant to be woken at dawn by *anything*, especially if you suspect it has a beak and it is in the room with you.

Indeed, many people feel that the countryside would be more tranquil without all those animals—and by *animals* they mean almost anything that isn't themselves. Remarkably few of our four-footed acquaintances have caught on to the idea that they are cast in the starring role of Man's Best Friend or Most Faithful Companion. Walk up to any strange animal, and unless you happen to have the larder key or its equivalent swinging casually from your hand, you will be regarded with a mixture of terror and loathing. And the few that do realize that something more than the lifted lip and the angry bellow is required of them overdo the whole thing catastrophically. We all know the horse that stands on your foot in a childish attempt to attract attention . . . the dog that slobbers lovingly on your baby-blue shirtwaister . . . the farm cat that looks on your underclothes drawer as a particularly well-equipped labour ward.

Things that go bump in the night

However, all these are concrete terrors, easily fought off by whip and gun and hoarse cries. Far more unnerving—since they have the unsporting advantage of looking even more beastly dead than alive—is the insect life that runs riot in all old cottages, especially thatched ones. For this reason few women of sensitivity care to sleep in the country without a loaded Flit-gun beneath their pillow—it is one of life's darker experiences to wake at three in the morning and find a spider weaving precariously along the ceiling above your bed. Did she come alone, you will wonder, or with friends? And if so, *where are they?* If you are at all typical you will spend the rest of the night practising the standing jump from a horizontal position as your ears, nervously attuned to every rustle, persist in hearing the patter of eight tiny feet.

Some people say that it is unlucky to kill spiders, but on the whole it is unluckier to find them in the bath with you. They come up the wastepipe, I am told—an athletic feat which leaves me breathless with admiration but wishing they'd carry out their Olympic trials in someone else's bathroom.

Despite all your disillusionments, however, you can be sure that one of your dreams will be pretty accurate. You will find life in the country *meaningful*, to put it mildly. So meaningful

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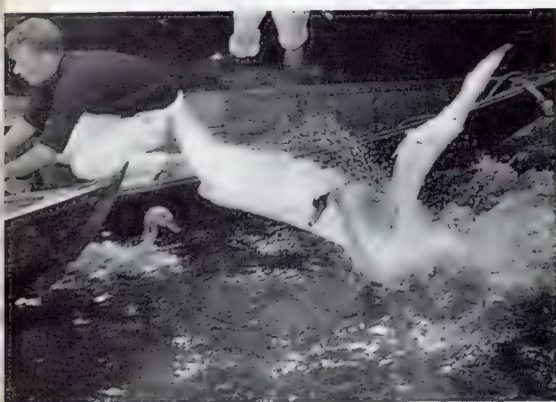
What keeps him on the Thames?

Answer overleaf



Operations begin as the boats, flying their traditional banners, close in on a swan family. Next comes the capture

Answer: He got a wing clipped during the annual swan-upping expedition, on which the young birds also have their beaks nicked to denote ownership. They all belong to the Queen or else to the Vintners' or Dyers' companies



Only the cygnets are wanted for marking, but parent birds are caught first to check ownership—and forestall attacks . . .

Photographed by ALAN VINES, who accompanied the 1959 expedition in a launch



Some banners and badges are more than 300 years old. Even the Vintners' jerseys are white, Dyers' navy blue, the Queen's red. In the background: Windsor Castle

The Queen's men release a swan family. Cygnets go first, to the water, then the adults. The swans follow them instead of turning back to Edward III's reign, when owners were heavily taxed



Mr. Frederick Turk is Her Majesty's Swan Keeper. Here he clips a young bird's wing. The Queen's swans are not marked on their beaks; the Vintners' get two nicks, the Dyers' one. The Turk family have a long association with swan-upping. Mr. Turk's brother, Richard, is the Vintners' Master, a third Turk brother was Master of the Dyers



...When the cygnets have been marked and clipped...



... families are reunited ...



... As for the men, they make for a Thames-side pub. Mr. Robinson, the Dyers' Master (right) drinks with Mr. Michael Turk, who succeeds his father next year as Master of the Vintners

BANGKOK

is today a fast-expanding capital, full of diplomats and airline officials. Earlier this year, H.R.H. Prince Chula Chakrabongse

REVISITED

the city and he describes here some of the changes he found.

Princess Alexandra will visit Bangkok this month

IN THE OLD DAYS WHEN MOST PEOPLE LIVED on the river, Bangkok was called the Venice of the East. That is all changed, and today a better name would be the air Clapham Junction of Asia. Some 20 airlines now pass through the city on their way to Hongkong, Singapore, Indonesia, Japan and Australia. As you drive round Bangkok at night huge electric signs urge you from every corner to fly with this or that airline. As for the river, I am one of the few who still have a house on it. Otherwise one sees mostly offices or warehouses—though the river itself is still colourful with boats of all kinds.

Well-to-do people now live in the suburbs. The King & Queen themselves live in Phya Thai, a suburb which 50 years ago was all ricefields. But the largest and most popular suburb is Bang-Ka-Pi, which has charming villas and pretty gardens. So many people drive in and out to their work that the one main road from the city to Bang-Ka-Pi is now having to be widened. Traffic blocks became unbearable, relieved only if one's car had air-conditioning. In the city itself (where many of the streets, though busy, are fortunately also wide and straight) traffic moves at a reasonable pace. Driving standards had greatly improved this year and I did not see an accident. There seemed to be more buses than ever—and of every sort of colour.

There are also more and more buildings. Big new ones are going up for government departments, schools and businesses. The city is, of course, the country's commercial centre and seaport, as well as being the royal residence and seat of government. It also houses the headquarters for ten different United Nations bodies, plus the



The Sunday market on the lawn outside the Grand Palace is a regular meeting-place for residents



A tricycle rickshaw weaves among Western cars on Bangkok's newest shopping street, flanked by airline offices

South-East Asia Treaty Organization. Bangkok has grown so vastly since the war that the population (including Dhonburi on the west bank) now exceeds 1,800,000. There are always many travellers there, and there is a resolute Western community of 4,000, including 1,200 Americans.

Hotels are plentiful (most of them air-conditioned) and there is a large new one, Government-backed, called the Erawan, which has a picturesque garden and bathing pool. Behind it is a nine-floor building with a restaurant on top. There are also any number of restaurants and night clubs, and in the higher-class clubs classical Thai ballet is popular. These places are mostly full of foreigners, as the Thais (who have only lately developed the eating-out habit) prefer small obscure places.

The favourite form of entertaining is a cocktail party followed by a buffet supper, all easily held in the garden, which is usually decorated with coloured lights. Lunch parties are not popular as people find it difficult to get away from their work, and anyway Thais do not eat much in the middle of the day. Almost the only regular amusement is the cinema, and fortunately there are many fine ones—where the films may be American, British, European or Thai. There are virtually no theatres, apart from the National Classical Ballet, and the two outstanding theatrical events are the annual amateur shows of Thai ex-students from Britain or the U.S. The young King & Queen always go to these, which usually consist of a gay revue followed by a ball.

The Bangkok Season, during which these functions occur, lasts from November to February,

Princess Chula of Thailand. English-born, she wears a Siamese tunic here. The Prince & Princess have a daughter of two-and-a-half and live in Cornwall. He has recently published a travel book, First-class Ticket

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE CHULA



The racetrack doubles as a golf course. Crossing the bridge: Prince Philip & Princess Aditya



Lewis Morley

when it is dry and reasonably cool. The season has many charity balls to which the King & Queen go, and the women's dresses are elegant by any standard. The King does not dance on these occasions—though he is known as an expert on the gramophone (and on other instruments) and could easily hold a job in a first-class dance band. He is a constitutional monarch and his functions are mostly similar to those of the British Queen, except that he has religious ceremonies to preside over.

The season in Bangkok closes in a surprising way: with many cremations. The reason is that the Thais do not cremate their dead within a few days as is done in the west. The lying-in-state is

prolonged in great pomp at home or in a temple to enable various funeral rites to be completed. The cremation is usually after the 100th-day rites, and February is the favourite month.

Weddings, on the other hand, are most popular in May. The actual nuptials are held at the home of some important personage respected by the families of the bride and groom, and they generally take place about 4.30 in the afternoon. It is common to have between 500 to 1,000 guests. The presents are brought to the wedding on the actual day wrapped in bright-coloured papers and they are not opened until the next day—so the wedding guests have no chance to see them and make comments. Later in the evening the bride's

*continued
overleaf*

BRIEFS by Graham



BANGKOK REVISITED

continued

parents give a big dinner party followed by a ball. Otherwise private dances hardly ever occur. But as there are now more than 30 foreign embassies in Bangkok, people in high society go to some party almost every day.

Every kind of Western game is played. Badminton in particular has lately increased in popularity because the King and Queen are very keen, but golf is the favourite sport among the smart set of mature age. The two links are right in the middle of race-courses, which are themselves right inside the city. Play begins round about 4.30 p.m. and pretty society women mingle happily with cabinet ministers, ambassadors, generals, and big business executives both at play and over drinks afterwards. There is horse-racing most of the year on Saturdays and Sundays, and it is well attended. The week-end habit has begun and many people drive away to the seaside for simple sailing and water-skiing.

What about traditional Bangkok? There is still plenty of that left.

Dominating all is the Royal Grand Palace, its grounds within Kremlin-like crenellated walls and over a square mile in area. Our King no longer lives there and only comes for various ceremonies, religious or State; but the grounds still house two ministries and the royal household offices and secretariat. The Grand Palace can be visited by conducted parties—who must all be properly dressed—three days a week.

Then there are the fine and almost indescribable precincts of the Emerald Buddha Temple behind the white palace walls. To the hundreds of tourists who visit it each week, it must be like fairyland come to life, with the deep gold temple in which the ancient jasper image—two feet tall—is placed; then the myriad roofs of coloured tiles of every shade of blue, red, and green; the golden *chedi* or tower; the exquisite Scripture House with a tapering spire; the gentle tinkling of golden bells, hung from the eaves, when they are touched by a breeze from the river. The Emerald Buddha is the most sacred image in the country, whose origins are lost in the mist of antiquity and was brought here by King Rama I at the end of the 18th century. The Emerald Buddha Temple is open to everybody on Sundays and holy days. It is a temple without resident priests, and one is invited from outside on such days to preach to large congregations—for Buddhism is still very much a "live" religion in Thailand. Two other popular temples are the Marble Temple and the great tower of the Temple of Dawn which I can see from my house on the other side of the river.

Indeed, the visitor to Bangkok need never be short of something to look at, for there are no fewer than 300 temples in the city, to say nothing of the 7 a.m. floating markets in the canals—though real Bangkok residents prefer the Sunday morning market on the big lawn outside the Grand Palace. There they can meet their friends, avoid the tourists, and still get bargains.

A prime minister takes to the moors

Mr. Harold Macmillan was among the first to head north for the grouse shooting. He stayed for two days on the Earl of Swinton's estate at Masham, Yorks, where Lord Crathorne (formerly Sir Thomas Dugdale, Bt.) was a shooting companion (opposite). Then he went on to Bolton Abbey for more sport



Marchioness Townshend (above) was the only woman shooting at Lochan, Perthshire, where the joint hosts were Mr. & Mrs. T. M. Burrell and Col. F. Douglas

Taking aim (left): Brig. Charles Britten, who was one of Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey's party at Dinnet Moor on Deeside

Below: Col. Frank Douglas takes a bird from his pet labrador named appropriately, Grouse, at Lochan





Yesterday at Oberammergau

the cast was elected for the

1960 performance of the

PASSION PLAY

How this tradition became

an international pilgrimage is

described by **Elisabethe Corathiel**

THOUGH THE PASSION PLAY IS NOT performed until next year, Oberammergau was already a busy place this week as photographers and journalists crowded in for the election of the cast. The balloting took place yesterday, but preparations for the passion play begin nearly two years before the first performance. First the village Council meets to select a special play committee, which in its turn entrusts a great variety of tasks to a number of sub-committees. Every resident who is either native-born or has lived in the place not less than 20 years is entitled to co-operate, not necessarily in an acting part on the stage. More than 1,400 are directly concerned with the production, and of these not less than 600 are actual performers. All who desire to let their names go forward as candidates for the cast—which of course means that they must have some acting experience, and be well-known to the voters—are invited one year in advance to let their hair grow, so that they can be judged by their appearance before the voting starts.

On the election day, the Council and all the inhabitants assemble in church for the solemn Passion Mass and pray for guidance. Then the voting takes place, every adult inhabitant having a voice in the preliminary canter. Besides the talent the various candidates may have shown during practice performances in the little rehearsal theatre, and by the "character heads" resulting from the growth of hair and beard, such factors as good conduct and worthiness are considered in selecting for the 126 named parts. There is absolutely no favouritism.

After the first weeding-out by popular choice, a short-list is submitted in private to the play committee, and the director has the casting vote. Eventually the final list is exhibited on the Town Hall notice board; and only then do the passion play rehearsals

seriously begin. They continue daily till the first performance.

There is naturally a good deal of heart-burning but I have never heard of complaints being voiced once the results are out. In fact, far less is spoken about the election among the Oberammergauers themselves than among outsiders who whip up the excitement. The play is presented with unquestionable sincerity and it was never intended to be the kind of

sensation it has latterly become.

In the course of three centuries Oberammergau has developed a curious fascination, cocooned in clichés. "The village that lives by its Passion Play" is a favourite tag. Actually, Oberammergau lives, like every other place, by the products of its industry. Moreover, it is no longer a village, nor are its inhabitants mere peasants (and they never have been).

How, then, did it all begin? In the wake of the Thirty Years' War a great plague devastated Europe. It reached England eventually; but long before that it had wiped out countless European communities and left behind it a trail of pest graveyards, votive chapels and other curious memorials. Oberammergau, thanks to its isolated position, had contrived to keep the contagion at bay for a long time; but on the eve of the Kermis in 1632, when vigilance was somewhat relaxed, a day-labourer exiled to a neighbouring village by the emergency managed to slip past the watch in order to rejoin his family for the Feast. He unwittingly brought the plague with him, and within a few months more than half the population had died from it. After it had been raging for about a year, the stricken elders dragged themselves to the village church, and before the high altar made a solemn vow, promising for themselves and their descendants till the end of time to present a drama of Our Lord's Passion every tenth year, if the scourge should be lifted.

After that no more plague deaths occurred in Oberammergau, and the following year the surviving villagers took steps to carry out their pledge, the first performance being staged in the church itself at Whitsuntide, 1634.

It is not to be supposed, though, that the inspiration was a sudden one. Passion plays were common, and penitential exercises of this kind had long been conducted under monastic auspices. Modern research traces the earliest extant Oberammergau script, dated 1662, back to an original preserved in the Convent of St. Ulrich & Afra at Augsburg from the 15th century. What was new, however, was the vow, which imposed an obligation on posterity.

The next performance took place, for convenience, in 1670, and this ten-year sequence was kept up without interruption till 1770, when the first opposition set in. A wave of "enlightenment" prompted the

government to declare all such religious exhibitions illegal. The Oberammergauers, true to their vow, declined to fall in with other passion-playing communities, who readily abided by the law. They protested so vigorously against the new order that *per modum privilegii* they were eventually allowed to carry on as before. From 1780 till the present day, with only slight deviations caused by the exigencies of various wars, the sequence has been continued. Hence Oberammergau has the oldest unbroken passion play tradition in the world.

Acting is in the blood of the inhabitants. A few family names, like that of Rutz (or Ruez, as it was originally spelt), date back to the time of the plague. There were Zwinks in leading roles long before the most famous of them, Hans Seraph (the "Luft'lmaler"), in the 18th century made Oberammergau doubly attractive by painting those lovely Biblical scenes on the housefronts in tempera. The celebrated Langs migrated to the village in the 1780s and have taken a leading part in promoting both the passion play and the local woodcarving industry ever since.

Living their parts, allowing the play to become a preoccupation in all their waking activities, the inhabitants of Oberammergau have developed more than dramatic skill in the course of three centuries. Since no make-up is allowed, and no wigs are worn, the ideal is fixed on "character heads" of the Tilmann Riemenschneider type, and to a quite extraordinary extent (as photographs taken during recurrent play-seasons prove) the idea is externalized. Hence the Oberammergau passion players are unique.

For the first 100 years or so, the performances (which were soon transferred from the church to the churchyard) attracted only local attention. But a big change crept in after the Napoleonic wars. A certain Baron Vautier, Dutch by birth, who had served as a volunteer with the Austrian "Manfredini Regiment" and for a time defended the village against the French, fell so in love with it that he returned there in his retirement, and spent his leisure writing to all his old associates about the passion play. This unsolicited propaganda brought many curious visitors to Oberammergau in 1820. And the following season, 1830, produced so many advance inquiries that it was decided to present the play on a larger site, and proper seating arrangements were made. Bavaria's new king, Ludwig I, a warm supporter of every form of art, took the passion play under his wing; and by the time Ludwig II came to the throne the Wagnerian music-dramas, too, were capturing the imagination, and cultured socialites who frequented Bayreuth as an annual rite soon made Oberammergau a "must" as well.

Every European court gossiped knowledgeably about the successive revivals, and the Christus (especially Josef Mayr and Anton Lang) acquired enormous followings. The Prince of Wales and the future Queen Alexandra, travelling incognito as Baron & Baroness Renfrew, attended the play in

continued on page 132

The girls from Maxim's



The sign over the door says Maxim's, but it is no luncheon date that beckons these girls. They are bound instead for a cookery lesson. For the restaurant that has a world-wide reputation for gay eating-out dating back to Edwardian times (and celebrated most recently in the film *Gigi*) also gets down to the serious business of teaching good eating at home. The cookery school accepts only 20 pupils, and its instructresses are headed by the Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec. From 10 to 12.30 every morning the girls are put through a thorough course in the kitchen, after which they lunch on the results of their efforts. In the afternoons the syllabus widens to include the art of wine (taught by M. Louis Vaudable, owner of Maxim's) and the usual visits to places of interest as found at most finishing schools. But it is the cooking that counts, and pictures overleaf portray a typical morning at Maxim's



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& Bystander
2 Sept. 1959

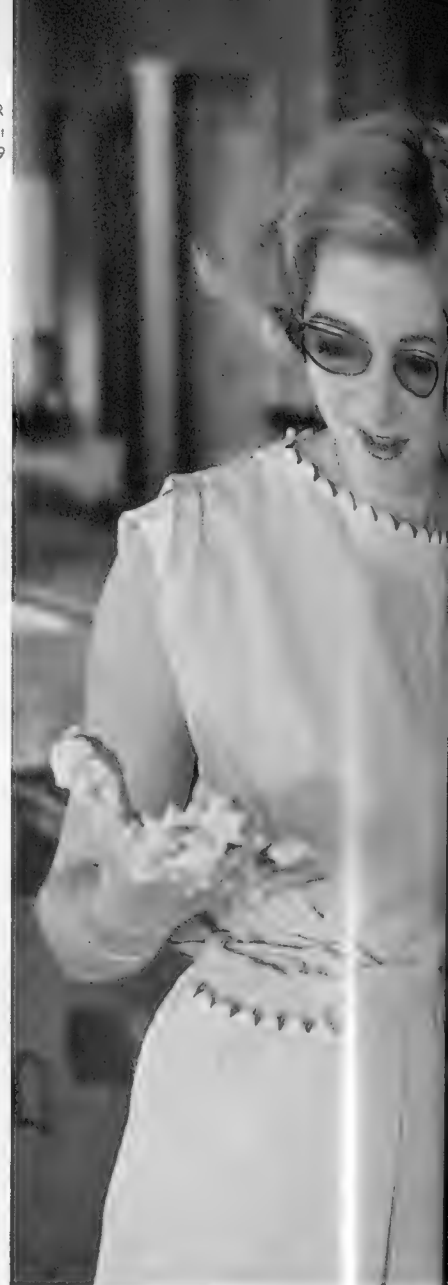
TIMETABLE for the day is studied on arrival. Mornings are spent in the kitchens, afternoons being devoted to—among other things—art appreciation and learning about wines from M. Louis Vaudable, owner of Maxim's



HEAD of the cookery school, the Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec, checks the amount of water to go into a sauce. Other teachers include Mme. Gisèle d'Assailly, Baroness Monique de Nervo and Mme. Solange Doumic



RESCUE in the nick of time, Mme. Creuzot snatches a saucepan from the stove. Former pupil of the school, she has returned to take a "post-graduate" course. Many of the new girls have never cooked before



DOUGH on her hands, Mme. Creuzot (left) gets down to making a cake. The school takes only 20 pupils at a time. At present there are 16 girls

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The girls from Maxim's *continued*



WAITING, American student Martha Tribble has a casserole cooking. Curriculum also includes menu preparation, etiquette and table talk



TASTING is all-important. Getting the flavour is Miss Robertson from Vancouver. Pupils are mostly from Europe and the United States

SURPRISE GUEST, international party giver Elsa Maxwell, samples the girls' cooking. The girls, too, eat the morning's lesson



THE COTTAGE CULT *continued from page 120*

that you will at times long for that charming, false, miles-away-from-the-earth city existence.

Meaningful? You bet

Take drainage, for instance. Drainage becomes very meaningful indeed when it is you who have to deal with it, and not a corporation. To any hostess who is giving a dinner party in the country and fears that conversation will falter, I can only advise that she whispers the words "*septic tank*" in a low sweet voice to her neighbour. Her formerly politely reticent guests will at once become a noisy rabble, rudely interrupting each other and her in order to relate their own theories and experiences on this enthralling subject. With any luck, conversation for the whole evening will be taken care of. And if it is not, mention of one of the other of the more meaningful aspects of country life (electricity and water) will do the trick.

My invariable experience is that the lights go out whenever there is a thunderstorm. Sometimes they come on again when the storm is over; sometimes they do not. And when they do, it is often a signal that the water supply is going to turn into a thin brown trickle. It is evident to me that English local authorities, accustomed to looking out of their windows every day to see the rain pouring down, are flung into a temperamental panic as soon as they realize that no rain has fallen for the past 24 hours. "Drought," they murmur uneasily to each other. "We must look to the water supplies." They do this in the simplest possible way by turning off the mains at approximately the same time as you are turning on your bath, doing the washing-up, or filling the kettle for a cup of tea. However, it is probable that you will still find yourself in possession of both water and electricity at the same time fairly often, ecstatic occasions which will lead you to indulge in wild orgies of kettle filling and boiling.

The man of property

Another of the meaningful sides of country life is that your husband, oppressed by becoming a property-owner rather than a flat-dweller, will begin to look and behave like a member of the chorus of a Greek tragedy. He will never enter a room without a metaphorical hand raised to his brow and a piece of sparkling bad news to jolly your day along. "There is a big new crack in the yellow bedroom," he will say . . . "Come and look at the biggest frog in Hertfordshire". . . "There's that funny smell again". . . "I've just put my finger *right through* the main beam."

Strange as it may seem, he is enjoying himself immensely. And so will you, in a bruised, nerve-stricken, muddy sort of way.



Twenty years on

The picture above was taken at The Old Vic in 1938 when Sir Laurence Olivier played Coriolanus. With him (as Volturnia) was Dame Sybil Thorndike. This summer Sir Laurence played the role again, this time at Stratford (opposite), with Dame Edith Evans. These two pictures capture the same moment 20 years apart

PASSION PLAY *continued from page 128*

1871 (continued after the interruption of the Franco-Prussian War from the previous year) and spent the night before and after it in a simple wood-carver's chalet. At the turn of the century the Queen of Rumania brought additional glamour to the endless list of celebrated spectators.

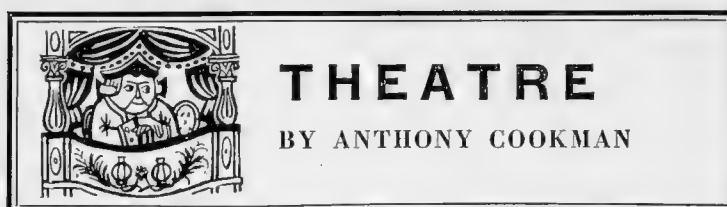
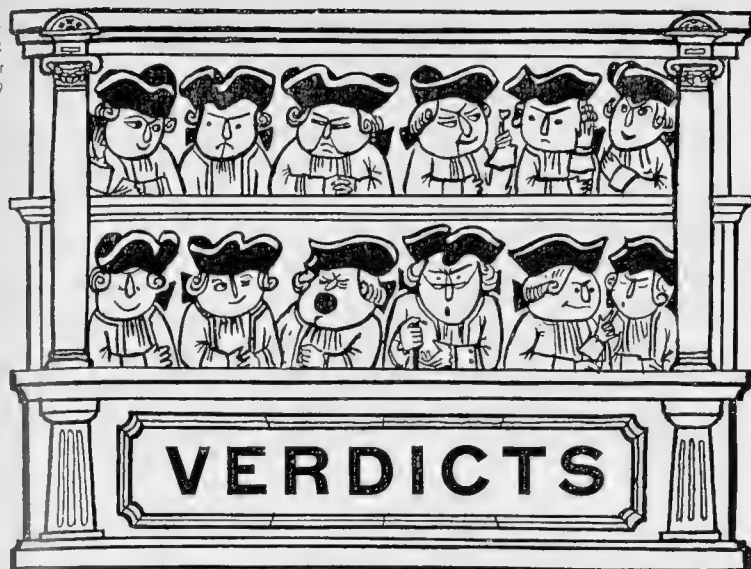
Till then, the village retained its rural charm. Part of the thrill of attending the play lay in the adventurous journey over steep mountain roads by horse-drawn coaches. Accommodation was often found to be primitive; but that was all part of the atmosphere of renunciation, for this trek was a real religious pilgrimage. The extension

and electrification of the railway in the present century removed the last hazards and discomforts, and the American occupation after 1944 not only increased Oberammergau's population (further augmented by Displaced Persons) but has also made the place more up-to-date and sophisticated.

The increased demand for genuine Oberammergau wood-carvings has wiped out unemployment, and loyalty to their ancestors' vow now entails real sacrifice on the part of the Oberammergauers, since so many performances have to be given to satisfy the influx of playgoers. Almost the entire population has to give valuable time to the

play; nearly 1,000 players take part in the crowd scenes, and more than as many again are needed as ushers, back-stage assistants, musicians, singers, first-aid personnel, traffic controllers, firemen, and so on—quite apart from catering and accommodation demands.

Oberammergauers are sometimes accused of being rather hard in their handling of theatre-seat arrangements and overnight hospitality; but it should be borne in mind that they could earn far more if they stuck to their normal jobs, which virtually come to a standstill while the play season lasts. It would pay them better to scrap the vow, but such disloyalty is against their nature.



THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

A Lear too full of grief and age

- The plays* **KING LEAR**
(Charles Laughton, Anthony Nicholls, Ian Holm, Zoe Caldwell). Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre
- The films* **BLIND DATE**
(Hardy Kruger, Stanley Baker, Micheline Presle, Robert Flemyng). Director Joseph Losey
- THE SIEGE OF PINCHGUT**
(Aldo Ray, Heather Sears, Neil McCallum, Victor Maddern, Carlo Justini). Director Harry Watt
- MAIGRET SETS A TRAP**
(Jean Gabin, Anne Girardot, Jean Desailly, Lucienne Bogaert). Director Jean Delannoy
- The records* **THE FAMOUS CASTLE JAZZ BAND**
BLUES BY HAWKINS
BENNY CARTER
- The books* **SOME NEW PENGUINS**
THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
(Gollancz, 15s.)
- JOURNEY TO THE ENDS OF TIME—LOST IN THE DARK WOOD**
by Sacheverell Sitwell (Cassell, 35s.)
- THE YOUNG VICTORIANS**
by Marion Lockhead (Murray, 21s.)

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON IS A MASTER of stage pathos. He has only to stare with blinking, unbelieving eyes at disaster, to let his voice crack and his trembling lower lip bulge pitifully to have us all on the verge of tears. The pathos of which he is master suits most kinds of domestic disaster; but when he comes to apply it, as in *King Lear* at the Stratford Festival he does, to a disaster intended to transcend the domestic and be of cosmic proportions, clearly the actor is off on a dark and exceedingly hazardous adventure.

No one knows better than Mr. Laughton that there is more to the playing of Lear than making us feel sorry for (as Lamb put it) "an old man tottering about the stage with a walking stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night."

Yet he has no voice to fill the surging, battering words with the sound of doom and fury, words through which Lear becomes the mouthpiece of humanity arraigning the gods. Nor has he the presence to suggest a king grown old in absolute power and swayed now by imperious instincts grown out of the long habit of domination wildly capricious and dangerous.

The actor must do what he can with what he has, and Mr. Laughton, chiefly using the resource of pathos, does with it all that it can be made to do.

This involves a gentle process of falsification. It is hard to recognize in the opening scene the pig-headed tyrant with which a succession of great tragic actors have made us familiar. Mr. Laughton wears the benign beard of a Hebrew prophet, and fully lives up to its benignity. The old man seems already more than a little dotty.

We feel that he is lost in a dream of benevolence, there is no hint that the king's self-renunciation in dividing his kingdom between his daughters is only his instinct of domination expressing itself in another and extremely foolish form. His reaction to the truth spoken by Cordelia and to Kent's impetuous protest on his daughter's behalf is nothing more terrible than the petulance of a spoiled child who has been crossed. When he disowns Cordelia and banishes Kent we feel not indignation with a

tyrant but only a little pity for a foolish, well-meaning old man who is making an obvious mistake.

Mr. Laughton similarly plays down the choleric, self-willed megalomaniac whose behaviour would try the patience of dutiful children and gives an easy handle to the malevolence of Goneril and Regan. There is even a touch of good humour in his testy complaints as the insults to his dignity pile up. The natural consequence of all this understatement is that we are sorry for the weak-willed poor old man long before Shakespeare wants us to be sorry, and the battering of the tyrant by the insensate fury of the elements joining their high-engendered battles with his pernicious daughters against so old and white a head is robbed of its effect.

Only when Lear's reason crumbles and he shows his affection for his Fool and nuzzles the head of the blinded Gloucester and has recognized Cordelia and has lost her for ever does Mr. Laughton's interpretation begin to pay dividends in effects of heart-breaking pathos. But it is not for a spiritually reborn tyrant we weep: only for a foolish old man far more sinned against than sinning.

Mr. Glen Byam Shaw has staged the play simply and powerfully. All his strokes of stagecraft are effective and helpful to the actor: none of them is ever designed to draw attention to his own skill as a producer. As a result he draws from the company several first-rate performances. Mr. Anthony Nicholls, whose work throughout the present festival has been consistently good, is a particularly fine Kent who sets his restless leading actor an example of restraint in stage movement. Mr. Ian Holm is a Fool always alive to the fact that his is the voice of reason, and Miss Zoe Caldwell as Cordelia also speaks radiantly for truth.

Mr. Robert Hardy is gaily Machiavellian as Edmund; Mr. Paul Hardwick winds himself up to a sadistic fury as Cornwall; and Mr. Cyril Luckham is good as Gloucester. Only the wicked daughters do not come off, Miss Angela Baddeley working too hard as Regan and Miss Stephanie Bidmead not quite hard enough as Goneril.





CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Menthol, marplots and murder

OF THE SEVERAL VARIETIES OF COPS offered in this week's films—local, Antipodean and Continental—Mr. Stanley Baker, a dogged detective inspector operating in the Westminster area, is the most likely to remind you that "a policeman's lot is not a happy one."

In *Blind Date*, Mr. Baker, afflicted with an inferiority complex and a severe head-cold, is given a murder case to solve but is clearly aware that he will very probably not be allowed to do so in his own way.

A fellow-detective-inspector (Mr. John van Eyssen), a smug, old-school-tie sly-boots, and the snobbish Assistant Commissioner of Police (Mr. Robert Flemyng) appear from the start to be in cahoots against him—but Mr. Baker, glaring balefully, sniffs his menthol inhaler.

The drama begins with the arrest of a young Dutch painter (Herr Hardy Kruger) in a luxurious but tarty flat, the tenant of which, a person named Jacqueline Cousteau, has just been found murdered in the hall. The Dutchman protests that he could never have murdered her, that he loved her, that she had been his mistress for some time though he had never been to her flat before.

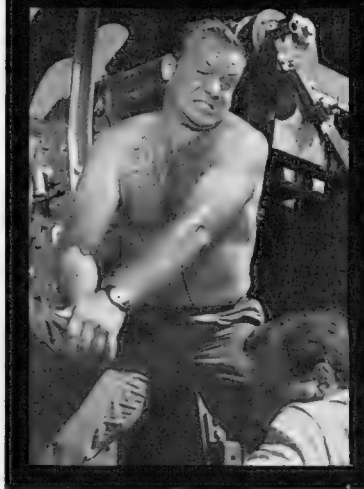
The woman (Mlle. Micheline

Presle), a little older than the painter, is rich and mysterious.

Then, says the young man, out of the blue came an invitation to her flat. The front door was ajar, and he was waiting for her in the drawing-room when the police arrived. He does not mention that he found an envelope addressed to himself, containing five hundred pounds and an air-line ticket to Amsterdam—but Mr. Baker discovers it while questioning him in a distinctly ungente way.

An investigation into Jacqueline Cousteau's past reveals that she was the mistress of a high-ranking diplomat—and the Commissioner, anxious to protect this public figure from scandal, delicately—and surely unethically—suggests to Mr. Baker that if he could extract a confession from the painter, the charge could be reduced to manslaughter and the trial carried through with the minimum possible publicity. The idea does not at all appeal to Mr. Baker, whose performance is in every way excellent, and the cop he has created is, despite one swift outbreak of brutality, a sterling fellow.

This is more than can be said for any of the cops in *The Siege Of Pinchgut*—a film, admirably direc-



SHIELD for a convict: Matt (Aldo Ray) pulls Ann (Heather Sears) in front of him when a policeman lands on Pinchgut. Above: His young brother Johnny (Neil McCallum) foils his attempt to sink an ammunition ship by snapping the firing pin of a naval gun. Matt tries to take revenge with a spanner

ted by Mr. Harry Watt, which seems to me to present an excellent argument for not having an armed police force such as apparently exists in Australia. Mr. Aldo Ray, as an escaped convict with, unfortunately, a criminal record, claims that he was not guilty of the crime for which he has been given a long prison sentence. Backed by the three accomplices who engineered his escape—his younger brother (Mr. Neil McCallum), an ex-Navy gunner (Mr. Victor Maddern) and an Italian seaman (Signor Carlo Justini)—he is determined to make a bid for a re-trial.

The fishing-boat in which they are making their getaway breaks down in Sydney Harbour and they take refuge on the tiny fortress island of Pinchgut. Holding its sole inhabitants—the caretaker and his wife and daughter—as hostages, Mr. Ray tries to bargain with the police who, under the leadership of a snarling Superintendent (Mr. Alan Tivern), refuse to have any truck with him. Mr. Ray had, one understands, intended no violence but now threatens to blow up an ammunition ship lying in the docks—and half of Sydney with it.

M. Jean Gabin, playing M. Georges Simenon's celebrated detective superintendent in *Maigret Sets A Trap*, practises expertly that brand of cat-and-mousery which we have come (through our cinema-going only) to associate with the French police. It takes him a considerable time to discover who is responsible for the murder in similarly hideous circumstances of four women—but you can depend on Maigret and on M. Gabin.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Jazz at two festivals

WHILST I WAS ENJOYING A RECENT enforced rest, I took time off to visit two vital but contrasting jazz beanos. The first was at Newport, Rhode Island, where I feasted my ears on some of the best jazz groups that money could buy. Where else in the world could you hear and meet, in the space of four short days, Ellington, Basie, Monk, and Clayton with Jimmy Rushing.

The riot squads were out in force, as only the Americans know how, to prevent a repetition of the scene which took place in 1957, when the whole audience took off *en masse* to swing the resounding sounds of Ellington's "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue." This year his programme was planned to avoid

any sudden surge of frenzy, although I distinctly noticed a tensing, a fractional quickening of the beat in some pieces.

The musicianship, alas, was of a different order when I retreated for August Bank holiday to Beaulieu, the scene of Britain's most ambitious open air jazz presentation. The players' biggest hazard was the army of partisans who turned up to cheer for one particular band or style of music, oblivious of the fact that a festival must be planned for the enjoyment of all. The Dankworth orchestra blew magnificently; likewise the Jazzmakers, under the joint leadership of Ronnie Ross and drummer Alan Ganley. Another group in contemporary

vein who seemed to know what they were at were the Bert Courtney Quartet, whose EP debut on Decca is worth hearing. I enjoyed Nat Gonella's rousing trumpet sound with Mr. Acker Bilk's band; it proved a theory which I have had for a long time—that a first-class experienced musician can make all the difference to these revivalist bands.

Beaulieu was a worth-while event for everyone, and its build-up is very promising. So far the programme has made the best of an all-British cast, but I cannot help thinking that the time has come when some sort of international flavour, not necessarily American, should be introduced.

Meanwhile the flow of records has reached mammoth proportions. For those who like it noisy there is an exciting brassy album by Cat Anderson ("Cat On A Hot Tin Horn," Mercury MMB 12006), Duke's high-note specialist, and an exciting if over-ambitious big band approach by Marshall Brown's Newport International Youth Band.

Dixieland fans can choose between the Castle Jazz Band (The Famous Castle Jazz Band in Hi-Fi, Good Time Jazz LAG 12176), two Mercury albums by a chunky seven-piece band called the River Boat Five, or Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland Eight, on London.

The female crooner is undoubtedly more deadly than the male, as proved by June Christy on Capitol, Patti Page on Mercury, and Shirley Bassey on Philips. Frank Sinatra has the right touch, bringing to life the "Broadway Kick" on a Fontana album, and turning in an even more remarkable performance in his relaxed selection, "Come Dance With Me" (Capitol LCT 6179). Lovers of the "hot" will relish Coleman Hawkins and Tiny Grimes (a little known guitarist) in their "Blues Groove" (Esquire 32-082) taking time to absorb the swinging idea of another saxophone giant, Benny Carter in some determined assaults with Ben Webster on Hawkins's supremacy (Benny Carter, Jazz Giant; Contemporary LAC 12188).



Alan Vines

Laughton's Lear *at Stratford-on-Avon, an old, tired and pathetic king bereft at once of majesty and reason. "We feel sorry for him too soon," says Anthony Cookman on page 133*



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

These are the books for bathtime

IF THERE WERE NOTHING ELSE TO be grateful for in the 1950s, the fantastic increase in paper-backs is at least something not to be sneezed at. Penguins have brought out a new fat bunch of titles, my own favourite being Gilbert Highet's **Poets In A Landscape**, a fascinating study of six Latin poets—among them Catullus, Vergil and Horace—written in the most affectionate and civilized terms, with as much every-

day reality and concern as if the author were discussing admirable men he himself had known. The method of setting the writers, their work and their lives in the landscape against which they lived is to me fresh and excellent.

For 5s. you can buy Peter and Linda Murray's astonishingly inclusive and informative **Dictionary Of Art And Artists**, which is by no means a mere recitation of facts

and dates—the authors' comments on action painting, for instance, are brisk, not to say tart. Another 5s. and you have P. E. Corbett's **The Sculpture Of The Parthenon** (King Penguin), with a lucid introduction and 40 pictures. There is a new edition of Chekhov's plays, a clutch of wild comedies by Sir Compton Mackenzie, a super book by Johnnie Jonson about his wartime flying with fighter squadrons, moving and exciting, called **Wing Leader** (its foreword is a letter from Douglas Bader, which opens rather splendidly, "Dear Johnnie, I did not know that you could read and write . . ."), and a thriller about espionage and treason, examined largely through a study of personality—Holly Roth's **The Sleeper**, that held me to the end (which is rare in itself, since this year I am beginning to suspect in myself more than a slight slipping from a lifetime's addiction to thrillers. It is possible that over-indulgence in candy bars, no matter how nutritious and prettily packaged, can jade the toughest appetite, and the sight of a greenback is often enough now to make me feel distinctly queasy.)

There is another new Penguin to be recommended, rather intimidatingly called **New English Dramatists**, which turns out to be the text of three recent plays ("significant," says the jacket, vaguely but ever-hopefully), *Each His Own Wilderness*, by Doris Lessing, Bernard Kops's *The Hamlet Of Stepney Green*, and Arnold Wesken's *Chicken Soup With Barley*. Whatever you think about them, I think the publishers deserve congratulations for making texts available to a wide public so soon after production.

What I have to say is 'Hurray for Penguins!' and may they reprint more and more, faster and faster. Quite apart from the content, there is something to me infinitely appealing about a small unpompous paper-bound format which does not complain when subjected to the utmost ill-treatment, such as being bent backwards and read in the bath. I'm not suggesting every book should respond well to this—it's just nice that there are some with which one can live on such relaxed carpet-slipper terms.

There is an unexpected addition to anthologies for children from Gollancz—**The Golden Treasury Of Stories For Boys And Girls** a new form of the Sylvia Lynd's **Children's Omnibus** they published 25 years

ago. Anthologies are fair game for carping, since everybody feels that something vital has been left out—and I have always suspected that in fact the person who gets the most fun is the compiler. This one includes, among other items, *Black Beauty*, *The Rose and the Ring*, one story apiece from Grimm and Andersen, some Belloc and Lear, and *Alice In Wonderland*. For the price I think it is probably excellent value, and might well be a handy holiday-book (it is small and compact) when you are pushed for suitcase-space. But, I keep thinking, what a loss if you met *Mary Blaize* for the first time without the Caldecott pictures, and though one Hans Andersen is better than none at all, you need the whole lot at once, and can anyone honestly read that terrible fellow Aesop with genuine pleasure, and could one bear to let a child read *Alice* without the Tenniel drawings? Maybe the point of anthologies anyway is as a reminder of things a child has enjoyed already and would like to have under one cover.

If you like Sacheverell Sitwell's heightened, mannered prose and idiosyncratic way of combining everything—fact, fantasy, nightmare, travel, art, music, theatre, reminiscence and dream-narrative—all together in one enormous, steaming, scented dish, you will mightily enjoy the first vast volume of **Journey To The Ends Of Time—Lost In The Dark Wood**. It is like an enormous patchwork quilt made up of the author's entire experience, and reading it, in spite of fascinating passages, made me feel feverish and from time to time thoroughly delirious, which may possibly have been one of the book's intentions. Others may get the peculiar scandal of this book more clearly than I, and it is perhaps heretical to long for pruning-shears and calmer prose.

Marion Lockhead's **Young Victorians** is a far more recognizable world—an entertaining, agreeable, even cosy book about Victorians (many of them eminent, including Victoria and, though it comes as a shock, Winston Churchill) up to the age of 20, with special emphasis on schools of the time. It is impossible to resist this material—though I sometimes wished the author could have resisted some of her chapter headings—"Galaxy of Girls," "Manners and Men," "College Days and College Ways" and so on. But it's a minor irritation, and I enjoyed the book.

The ocean-goer's manual

Eric C. Hiscock has written a sequel to his *Cruising Under Sail*, and it is to be published later this month by Oxford University Press. The title: *Voyaging Under Sail*. It will deal with ocean-going yachts like the *Beyond*, seen (left) under trade-wind rig in the Pacific



Paris presented her autumn collections and made a noise abroad—but was it *éclat* or was it clang? Dior, the longtime leader, struck out in an opposite direction from everybody else, with some startling extremist designs by young Yves St. Laurent, and the rumour spread that M. Marcel Boussac was going to sell the house (but he has now denied it). Will the clothes-conscious woman take off after Dior or will she prefer the more restrained innovations found elsewhere? These are based on longer skirts and

BALMAIN



DIOR



Paris
pronounces:

but is it **THIS . . .** or **THIS?**

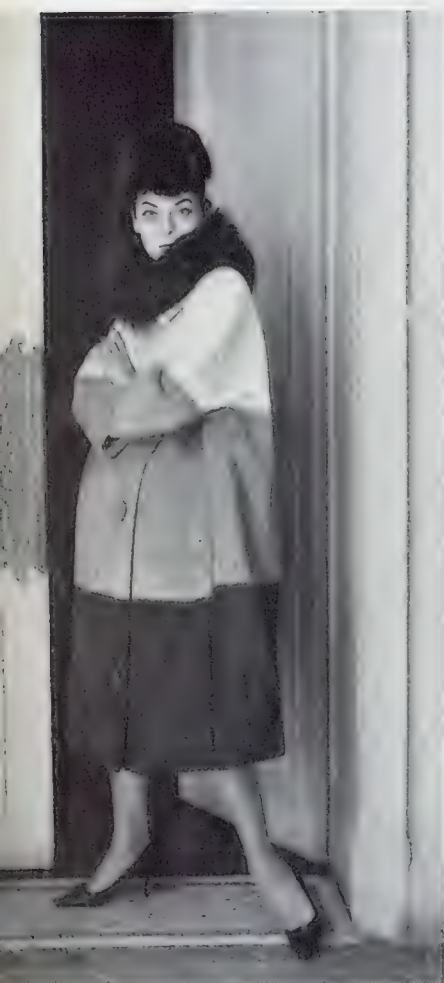
jackets, with a topping of high hats, and lavish use of fur, especially fox. At issue as well as the line is the line-up of the Paris houses. The chart below is an attempt to illustrate how their influence stands at the present time (allowing for the fact that Balenciaga and Givenchy have still to show their clothes, which will be reported in a later issue)

House	Contribution to creating the line	Influence on wholesale clothes	Extent of private custom	Extent of reproduction of designs by leading U.K. stores	Specialists in young clothes
BALENCIAGA	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	★★★★	—
GIVENCHY	★★★	★★	★★★	★★	—
PIERRE CARDIN	★★★	★★★★	★★	★★★★	—
PIERRE BALMAIN	★★	★★	★★★★	★★★	—
DIOR	★★★	★★★★	★★	★★★★	—
LANVIN-CASTILLO	★★	★★	★★★	★★	—
NINA RICCI	★★	★★★	★★	★★★	—
GUY LAROCHE	★★	★★	★★	★	★★★
CHANEL	★★	★★★★	★★	★★★	★★★
JACQUES HEIM	★	★	★★★★	★★	—
JACQUES GRIFFE	★	★	★★★★	★	—
GRES	★	★	★★★★	—	—
JEAN PATOU	★	★	★★★★	—	—
CARVEN	★	★	★★★★	☆	★★★
MAGGY ROUFF	★	★★	★★★	★★	—
CLAUDE RIVIERE	—	—	★★	★	★★



Cover: Cardin's aubergine wool coat has a loosely-fitted dropped waistline with fullness springing from the low set pockets. Copies made to measure at Debenham & Freebody, at the end of September

Photograph by Alfredo de Molli



The Cardin line, cleanly cut and readily translatable, is followed by hundreds of manufacturers making the clothes we buy in our stores. Cardin's are the clothes most easily worn, his the creative talent that outstrips every other Paris designer but Balenciaga. In his ivory wool coat (*above*) width stems from a high, neck-framing collar and smoothly flares into a longer hemline. Exact copies of the coat will be at Harvey Nichols by the end of this month

Fur spills over the collar of the winter greatcoat (*left*) widely banded in three shades of grey long-haired wool and mohair. The sleeves and buttoning are used throughout his collection. The fox fur choker, seen in the London collections, is repeated here. The fling of fox fur is back-buttoning over a flat collar. Copies in the original material will be at Debenhams & Freebody at the end of the month

CARDIN shows the line they all follow



A heavy white wool dress by Pierre Cardin, in which a sweep of fabric down the front partly conceals a tan suède belt which matches the gloves. Paris factors: a lack of trimming, the stark shallow neckline

Colour photos: Ginsbourger

Exotic white and gold brocade gives an Oriental suggestion to this dress by Pierre Cardin, who visited the East two years ago



A swirl of EMBA Diadem mink tops this Cardin suit, which is to be available at Liberty's of London in the original off-white tweed in late September



An outsize collar for a Cardin redingote in off-white tweed with a flaring shape. Paris factors: the shortened sleeve, the lengthened hemline





BALMAIN takes a long view



Buttoned to the waist, this Balmain suit has a jacket which slopes open over a lengthened skirt. In grey and black tweed with a black velvet collar, the suit has the elongated jacket line and proportionately longer skirt which was prevalent at Pierre Balmain, who have, perhaps, the largest private clientele. Copies at Harvey Nichols in late September



Black jet beads cascade above the shoulder-wide neckline of Balmain's dinner suit in dull surfaced white satin. With its barely indicated waistline and lengthened jacket, it incorporates all the points of its daytime prototype. Accessories are a high black tulle turban and black fox muff. The skirt length will be high fashion for coming winter evenings

ance in the Balmain tradition—a sheath of fondant pink satin (*opposite*) a side-stepping train in pink and white, a thickly encrusted bodice em-
dered with golden arabesques and a narrow lengthened skirt. Made-to-
sure copies available at Harvey Nichols at the end of the month

Tradition—then shocks at DIOR



Brilliants give sparkle to a dress in shell pink organza with a bosom-high bow which checks an airy, glistening skirt. This is evening in the great Dior tradition and could have been designed by the master himself. It was one of 50-odd models in a vast collection which bore the former handwriting of this house



Once in 20 years the harem line stages a comeback. Here is Yves St. Laurent's Miss 1960 in white organza spangled with silver brilliants, cropped above knee level and scooped into a wide-ish band. Startled spectators at the Dior show wondered, will women wear it—even those with beautiful legs



Daytime translation of the evening harem line at Dior is this grey flannel dress with neck-to-hem buttoning. Long and narrowly curving, it is worn with a high hat in black mink. St. Laurent compensated for his short skirts by piling the model girls' hair high with an Asiatic severity



Sleeves cut in one with the bodice ran through Nina Ricci's collection. *Left:* A deeply plunging neck meets a high and wide waistline which has the added emphasis of a narrow belt. Copied in emerald satin by Susan Small and on sale at Woollands; County Clothes, Cheltenham. It will be available towards the end of September

Grey organza is used by Nina Ricci for a short party dress (*below left*) which has a bodice cut in one with the sleeves. The wide cummerbund has a rose and the skirt is full and drifting. Copies made to measure by Debenham & Freebody at the end of September. Throughout her collection there were important sleeve lines and an air of ultra-femininity

Classic good looks by Nina Ricci in a scarlet wool cloth coat (*below*) which is belted widely, double-breasted and has emphatic triangular sleeves. Collarless and with above-the-elbow length sleeves, this coat bears the hallmark of her collection. Note: the collarless neckline and natural waist. Copies made to measure at Debenham & Freebody



NINA RICCI
makes them gay





LANVIN-CASTILLO highlights furs again

Lanvin-Castillo always have a spectacular fur collection and Debenham & Freebody have arranged to present a range in London. Selected from the models that will be available is this casually-cut greatcoat of Brazilian otter with a sumptuous collar in Diadem EMBA mink. Furs such as these can only be made to individual orders

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ

BROWN FIREPROOF DISHES, much used in French country cooking for making game pies or pâtés, are practical yet attractive. They are for oven use only. The dishes are often (as here) finished with a pie-crust effect on the outside and the lids adorned with heads of snipe, partridge or hares. In three sizes, they cost from £2 4s. 9d. to £4 5s. 9d. From L. Cadec, 27 Greek Street (Shaftesbury Avenue end), w.1



FABRICS FROM FRANCE: George Spencer of Sloane Street have an excellent range of dress and furnishing fabrics and wallpapers, which—because they are imported—are not the cheapest you can buy but are worth the extra for their subtle colours and amusing designs. *Bête à Musique*, patterned with ribbon knots, leaves and birds, is a delightful chintz which has its own matching wallpaper. In various colours, the chintz costs 58s. 9d. (50 in. wide), the wallpaper 28s. 3d. per roll. Another chintz, *Carnet de Bal*, has a matching toile and also a wallpaper. This has a design of alternate plain and floral stripes, in various soft colour combinations—for instance, milky lime stripes and pale mauve-pink flowers. Chintz from 55s. 6d., toile from 63s., wallpaper 33s. per roll. Another toile has a pattern of pink morning-glory on a white ground (55s. per yd.) with a fine muslin to match (48s. per yd.). George Spencer also have plain slubbed silks, brocades and taffetas in a wide colour range. Two unmistakably French wallpapers are one with alternate rows of trees and swags of curtains (34s. 9d. per roll) and another with sprays of coloured daisies and ears of corn tied in bunches (price 23s. per roll)

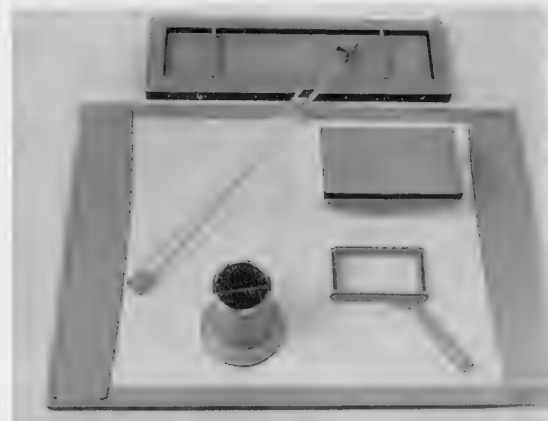


OPALINE LAMPSTAND, from France, in royal purple (also available in white) has a long-necked urn on a solid octagonal base. Price £24 10s., from John Siddeley, 4 Harriet Street, Sloane Street, s.w.1, who have a collection (some exclusive) of *Porcelaine de Paris*. They also have white opaline glass toothmugs with gold letters (or rose-entwined); white opaline tumblers and jugs decorated with French newspaper print, and French chintzes and toiles exclusive to them over here



WHITE WILD-SILK CUSHIONS with a French rose-patterned chintz border, and filled with down, from Godfrey Bonsack, 25 Davies Street, w.1. Price 5 gns. each (also with other chintz borders). Mrs. Bonsack goes regularly to France to look for new ideas and the results are evident in many of the lamps, crystal and ormolu lighters, ash-trays and other domestic ornaments. They always have a stock of French chintzes, toiles, silks and wallpapers (from 30s. per roll)

FURNITURE FROM FRANCE: Fleuront, an intriguing shop at 73 Old Brompton Road, have all kinds of French furniture, except contemporary design. They specialize in *Le Siège Français*—"sitting furniture," mainly of the period covering 19th-century reproductions of 18th-century originals, but also the odd original model. They also have bedroom and dining-room furniture; the French-style beds come in any width from single ones up to six feet, and dressing-tables are available in stripped wood or gilt. There are some separate headboards and bed-ends, particularly attractive ones in gilded basketwork or covered in tapestry. The dining-room furniture includes some amusing rustic-style dining-tables. Fleuront also have a large selection of carved "consoles" and occasional tables in stripped wood or up to the best gold finish, ornate carved gilt mirrors, and stately marble French fireplaces. Prices for the fireplaces: from about £50 to £300



CHALK GREY DESK SET, in leather with wine-coloured trimming, is made by Ertlé of Paris. The set is a far cry from the solid gold-tooled desk sets in current vogue. There are nine pieces in all. The six shown here are a large flat blotter-pad, a rocker blotter pad, a pencil and pen tray, a pencil and pen pot (which could be used as a cigarette holder) a perspex ruler with leather ends and a magnifying glass. From Aspreys, Bond Street, w.1. Price complete £98 10s.

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André Bernard

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BEAUTY

Putting a new face on it

by JEAN CLELAND

"HOW IS IT," ASKED SOMEONE AT A luncheon following a fashion show, "that even models who are not strictly pretty, always look so glamorous?"

"Come on," said someone else, turning to me, "you tell us. You ought to know the tricks of the trade."

As usual, when this sort of question is shot at me without warning, I felt like a conjuror caught without his wand and top hat. Nevertheless, I said I would go into it, and here for those who are interested in good grooming, and the air of finish that makes even a plain woman look attractive, are some of the tricks employed by beauty experts. You probably know several of them already, but I hope there may be others that are new to you, that you will think worth trying.

Eyes. To make the lashes look longer, try curling them back with a special little eyelash curler which can be bought at most good chemists. If the lashes are too short to curl, experiment with Elizabeth Arden's new ones. If put on carefully they look so natural that you would never know them from the real thing. Once on, they

can be trimmed to any length you like.

For glossy eyelashes, give them a touch of brilliantine on a clean brush after applying the mascara. If you find it difficult to put the mascara on with a brush, try using Helena Rubinstein's *Mascara-matic*. All you have to do is to twirl it against the lashes.

Mouth. To give extra sheen to the lips, apply a little *Lip Gloss* on top of your lipstick.

A clear outline is achieved by using a lip-line pencil before putting on the lipstick.

The mouth can be made to look bigger by carrying the red to the extreme edges of the lips.

For a smaller mouth keep the red well inside the natural line.

To give an upward tilt to the mouth extend the red just a fraction beyond the outer corners of the lower lip.

Skin. To achieve and keep a soft, dewy look, smooth on a little moisture cream before the foundation.

For a smooth surface, dust off all surplus powder with a make-up brush.

The beauty routine for a casual,

outdoor look is to go lightly over the powder with a slightly damp make-up sponge. This takes away the powdered look and leaves the skin fresh and clear.

A matt, magnolia look for the evening is achieved by sponging all over the face with a special pancake preparation containing lanoline which ensures against drying. If done quickly and evenly, this kind of make-up will last for hours.

To prevent the nose from shining. Preventing a shiny nose is made easy by applying a touch of Elizabeth Arden's *Noshine* before powdering.

Small blemishes are easily disguised by stroking them gently with a little stick called *Erase*. Made by Max Factor, it conceals any little spots.

Face Shape. To make plump cheeks look thinner, take a darker shade of powder than that used on the rest of the face, and dust it on, from the ears down the side of each cheek and in towards the chin. This throws the outer part of the face into shadow, and has the effect of making it seem less plump and more oval.

If a large nose or square jaw is your problem, use the dark powder again, taking care to blend it well in with the lighter one.

Hair. A rinse will revive the colour. Ask your hairdresser to highlight the tips.

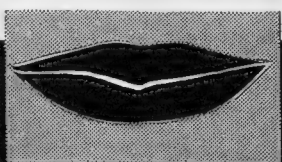
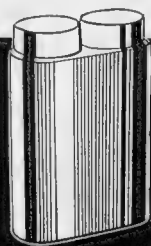
To improve the texture of soft, fine hair, have it set with beer.

Dry hair becomes smooth and sleek if you have a little conditioning cream rubbed on before it is set. Between shampoo, put a spot of conditioning cream in the palm of the hand, rub the comb over it, and then comb it through the hair.

For pretty evening looks the hair takes naturally to accessories such as the combs by Raymond of Mayfair, shown on this page with an attractively smooth hairstyle of his.

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PASSPORT by DOONE BEAL

The Middle East —by air



IT HAS BEEN REFERRED IN THE PAST TO hors d'oeuvres travel as something to be recommended with reservation and the phrase "conducted tour" strikes chill into many people. Nevertheless, one cannot deny both the good value and the advantages of some of these guided, packaged tours, especially if one is striding out in new directions and untried territory; and particularly if the venture entails a long-distance air—as, for example, to the Middle East.

For the first time since 1956, Egypt is reopened to British tourists, and the necessary visas can be arranged through any travel agents who operate tours to Cairo. There are quite a number of these tours from which to choose, operable throughout the winter.

The earliest of them, starting on 28 September and running through until mid-May, 1960, is Perry's Tours Ltd., who offer an interesting 15 days' flip-around Egypt, Lebanon and Jordan, flying out (in a

chartered Viking) to Naples, and returning via Athens. Travel throughout is also by air. Six days are spent in Cairo, two unplanned; four days in Jordan (a day in Jerusalem, and another in Jericho); one day in Lebanon with an excursion to Baalbek; a night each in Naples, Beirut and Athens, all at first-class hotels. The usual supplement is charged for single rooms, where they are available; but the organizers assure me that apart from this, there are no other extras of any kind. All sight-seeing excursions, if you want to take them, are included, and all meals. In the overall price of 138 gns.

Flair Holidays are planning 16-day tours, starting every other Saturday, from 5 December to 9 April. These consist of a daytime Viscount flight to Cairo, where the first six days are spent, with a variety of guided excursions laid on. The tour proceeds by rail (sleeper) to Aswan for two days; then on to Luxor for three days, and back to Cairo for the remaining three—these being spent, as they say, "at leisure." There are four different price categories, depending upon the class of hotel at which you choose to stay. Minimum is £135 10s. and maximum £160—both inclusive of all extras.

Thomas Cook's offer a rather more expensive 16-day holiday in Egypt, but include a 10-day Nile steamer cruise from Cairo to Aswan. Arriving in Cairo by air, two whole days are spent sightseeing, and there are daily shore excursions during the Nile cruise, which include among others Luxor, Thebes and the Temple of Horus at Edfou. The itinerary is impressive in its scope and clearly pretty hard-working in practice, but this is perhaps one of the objects of such

a tour: left to oneself, lazy and uninstructed, one would never see even a tenth part of it. The inclusive charge of £224 includes tourist-class air fare return to Cairo, first-class rail and steamer accommodation, and full board at good second-grade hotels. An optional supplement is £5 11s. for a single cabin on the steamer. The first of these tours leaves London on 7 November, and they continue through to 4 April, including a couple over Christmas.

Festival Services are offering a single, but extremely interesting 15-day tour, with the emphasis on gastronomy. The country is Germany, whose food and wines are indeed a worthy subject. Leaving London on 27 September by air, and travelling by coach from Rotterdam, visits are made to Düsseldorf, Cologne and along the Rhine Valley to Assmannshausen. Then through the Main Valley to the old medieval town of Rothenburg. Four days are spent in Munich during the famous beer festival, and seats will be available for the Bavarian State Opera. The tour then continues through the mountain region of Allgau, via the Bavarian castles of Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau to Lindau, the island town in Lake Constance; through the Black Forest to Baden-Baden and finally back to Amsterdam via Cochem, in the heart of the Moselle wine district. One is offered the alternative of a chartered flight to Rotterdam or first-class travel by rail and steamer. The inclusive cost is 75½ gns.

Addresses: Perry's Tours, Kent House, Regent Street, W.1. Festival Services Ltd., 32 Beauchamp Place, S.W.1. Flair Holidays Milbanke Tours Ltd., 164 Piccadilly, W.1. Thomas Cook's, Berkeley St., W.1.

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The man & the motorcar: Alex Issigonis with B.M.C.'s new Miniminor

The rubber runabout

GORDON WILKINS ON MOTORING

NO BRITISH FAMILY CAR SINCE THE war has attracted such attention abroad as the new B.M.C. baby. It sets new records for low production costs and, if it does not set new standards of elegance, it has a certain cheeky charm, with a design of startling originality at a highly competitive price. Taking Renault Dauphine, Volkswagen and Fiat 600 as the leading popular models from France, Germany and Italy, the B.M.C. baby has quicker acceleration, better performance on hills and greater fuel economy. It gets top marks for road holding, riding comfort and passenger space, too.

It seems to me the only mistake was to give the car two names; Morris Miniminor and Austin Seven. This can only blunt its impact on foreign buyers who are already bewildered by the spate of new models from the British industry.

The background to a project like this is fascinating, for it shows how ideas evolve, and how products change with growing appreciation of what the public wants. Morris engineers under Alex Issigonis, the designer of the Morris Minor, were working on front-drive cars as long ago as 1951. Austin, who were then their great rivals, had a small car with transverse engine, front-wheel drive, rubber suspension, and tiny wheels (all features of the latest model) almost ten years ago. Called the Dragonfly, it was a private project evolved by Mr. I. G. Duncan, leader of the design team which worked on the Fedden car project at the end of World War Two. Sir Leonard Lord, who was planning a new Austin small car, found the unconventional design of the Dragonfly interesting, bought the prototype and installed Duncan as a member of the Austin design team. But as the work at Austin proceeded orthodoxy prevailed. The engine, instead of an air-cooled twin, became a water-cooled four-in-line; the drive went to the rear wheels; steel springs replaced the rubber, and a four-seater body was designed. So emerged the Austin A30, having nothing in common

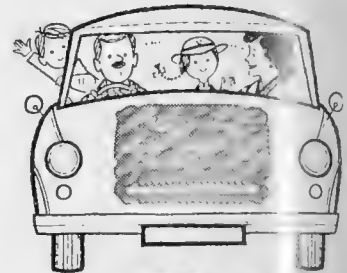
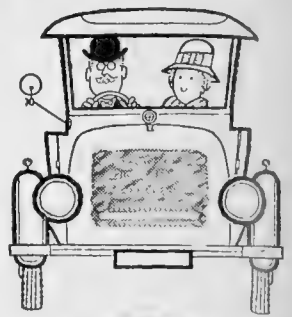
with the Dragonfly, in design or appearance. Duncan left the motor industry to build a successful career making razors and razor blades, and the Dragonfly lies forgotten in a corner of the factory. Soon afterwards Austin and Morris combined to form the B.M.C. and Issigonis left to go to Alvis (where he designed a new car with V8 engine and a most advanced suspension system, which never went into production).

When he returned to B.M.C. he started from scratch on the design of a new small car, cheaper than any existing B.M.C. model. He tried two- and four-cylinder engines, with air and water cooling; rear engines with rear drive and front engines with front drive. Eventually a four-cylinder water-cooled front engine was adopted, mounted cross-wise and driving the front wheels. And the gears were put in the engine sump.

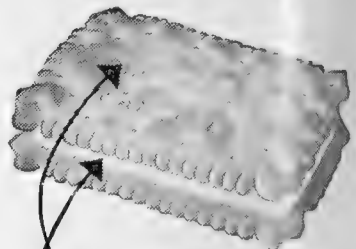
The link between all these projects was the rubber suspension. Alex Moulton, who had worked with Duncan at the Bristol Aeroplane Company under Sir Roy Fedden, designed the rubber suspension for the Dragonfly. He also collaborated in the design of the suspension for the Alvis. Later, when Issigonis started work on the B.M.C. small car, he was convinced that only rubber could give the cheap, light and simple answer to the problems of the small car which may have to carry heavy loads. At Sir Leonard Lord's instigation a new company, Moulton Developments Ltd., was formed, with the B.M.C. holding a financial interest. The organization was centred on the Moulton family home, The Hall, at Bradford-on-Avon. Workshops and test laboratories already installed in the stables were extended, and a new drawing office was built just out of sight of the gardens—which are admired by many visitors during the summer months. Here the suspension for the new baby was evolved and here equally unconventional ideas are

continued on page 155

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DINING IN

by HELEN BURKE

Partridge in the pot

THERE ARE SEVERAL KINDS OF partridges, but the two which are best known to us are the grey and the so-called "French" red-legged birds. Grey partridges (generally considered the better of the two) are the ones chiefly found in our markets, but red-legged ones are occasionally found in the Eastern counties. The grey birds are at their best for table when young. The red-legged birds, on the other hand, are at their prime when mature.

Only young birds should be roasted or grilled. The older ones make excellent pies, casserole dishes and the like.

The claws and beaks of partridges indicate their age. Sharp toes and unworn beaks mean that the birds are young. If these are blunt and

worn, it would point to older birds. Another sign of age in partridges, which all gamekeepers recognize, is a "horseshoe" in the plumage of the breast. So, no "lucky horseshoes" when seeking young birds! But the safest plan when purchasing is to deal with a reliable poulterer.

Unlike other game birds, partridges should not be "high." Indeed, the fresher they are the better.

Partridges Veronique, made with 3 young partridges, is a good dish for 3 to 4 persons. Cut each partridge into 4 (2 leg and 2 breast pieces) and roll them in 2 tablespoons of seasoned flour. Place a dessertspoon of olive oil in a hot pan. Add 2 oz. butter. When the mixture is hot, fry the partridge

pieces all over in it. Add, if liked, a tablespoon of brandy. When it is warmed through, set it alight and, when the flame is diminishing, douse it with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint veal and partridge bone stock. Cover and simmer very gently for 30 minutes.

Add 16 peeled and de-seeded grapes (Muscat, for preference) and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream. Leave for a few minutes over a low heat, then serve with pilaff rice.

If no brandy is used and there are no flames to extinguish, add the stock just the same and proceed as above.

Partridge pudding, an old country dish, belongs to the days when partridges were so plentiful and cheap that folk got tired of plainly roasting them. Nowadays, partridge pudding comes into its own again. People who have no kitchen help but like to entertain find it a boon, because it requires no last-minute attention. It ranks with boiled chicken pudding and beef-steak and kidney pudding as something to be proud of.

For 4 to 6 servings, cut the breasts and legs from 2 plump partridges and the 2 little fillets in each of the backs. Remove the bones from the legs, but leave the bones in the wings after cutting off the wing tips. Break the bones. Place them in a stewpot with the giblets (except the livers) and cover them with cold water. Add a sliced carrot, a shallot, a small sprig of

thyme, 2 to 3 parsley stalks, and pepper and salt to taste. Cover and simmer for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Back to the pudding: Make a suet crust. Roll two-thirds of it out fairly thinly and line a well-buttered $1\frac{1}{2}$ -pint basin.

Have the butcher cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. leg veal into thin slices. Place them in the lined basin. Shake over the partridge pieces and the livers a level teaspoon of flour with a little pepper and salt added to it. Add a chopped shallot and 2 to 3 oz. of sliced unopened mushrooms. Turn the lot into the basin and add enough cold strained stock from the partridge bones almost to come through.

Roll out the remaining suet pastry fairly thinly. Wet the rim of the pastry in the basin, put the "lid" on top and press them well together. Cover with buttered double greaseproof paper or aluminium foil. The latter is the easier to cover and enclose the top.

Stand the basin on a trivet in a deep pan with boiling water, so that the water comes at least half-way up it. Cover and boil constantly for 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Meanwhile, make a very slightly thickened sauce with the strained stock.

Invert the basin on to a heated dish (deep enough in case the pudding spreads!). After a minute or so, lift off the basin. Pour the sauce and serve at once.

Bermuda Jamaica Bahamas

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MOTORING

continued from page 152

under study for future B.M.C. models.

The Miniminor is thus the end product of ten years of experiment and evolution. It has a quiet smooth-running four-cylinder engine instead of a rather noisy and vibratory air-cooled twin. But the engine is still mounted across the frame, and drives the front wheels. The car has rubber suspension, but on an entirely different principle. Ten years ago there was a simple stack of rubber pastilles and metal discs, supposed to do the work of both spring and shock absorber. Today there is a sophisticated light-weight rubber cone, maintaining the riding comfort with the car full or empty, and supplemented by simple, long-lasting shock absorbers which have little work to do. Hard experience, won at great cost by many different manufacturers in the past ten years, has shown that there is no mass market for two-seater economy cars, especially if they have less performance or refinement than conventional models. So the Miniminor has a full four-seater body with lots of space for luggage and packages. After a long and cautious approach, it looks as if the B.M.C. has hit on a winning formula.

DINING OUT

continued from page 109

specialities and a wide range of well chosen wines.

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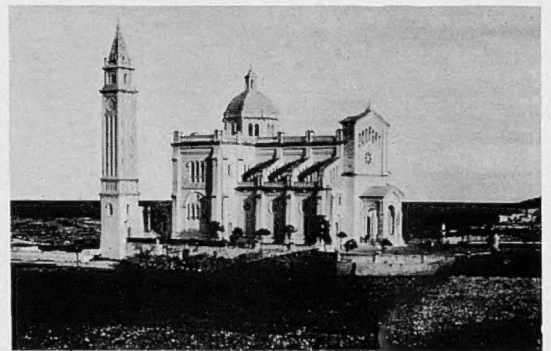




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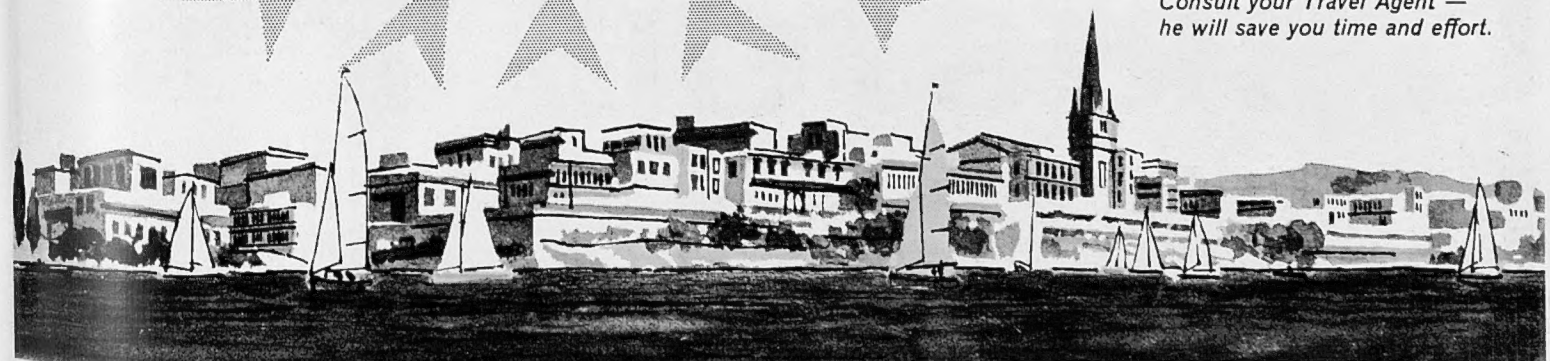
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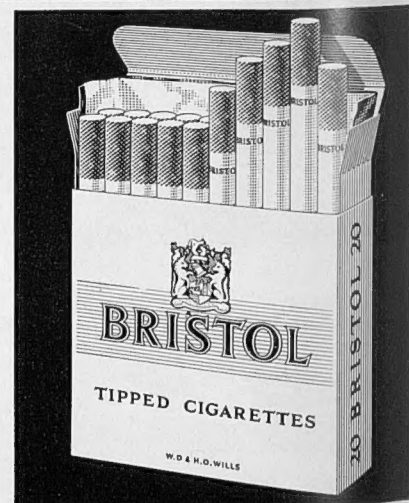
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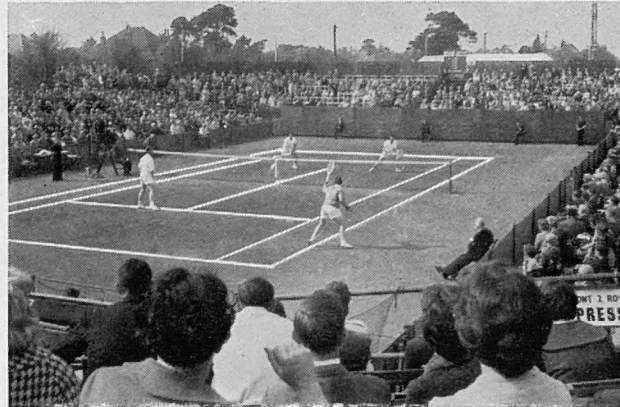


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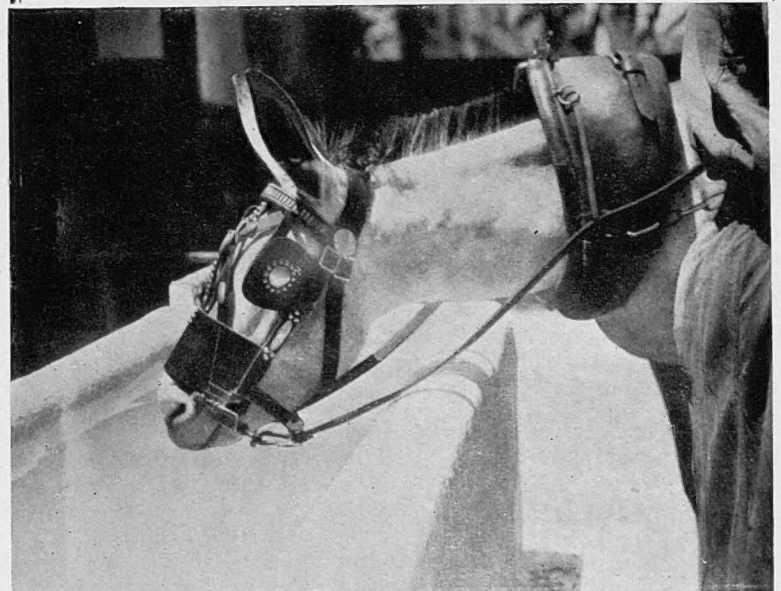
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